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POPULAR TALES.

GIULIETTA.

BY L. E. L.

The crimson shadows of the evening, mantling over the sky, and mirrored on the ocean, steeping the marble villas on the coast with their rich hues, and giving the pale orange flowers a blush not their own—how welcome were they after a day so sultry as that which had just set over Genoa! The sea breeze came fresh, as if its wings were cool with sweeping over snowy mountains, or those islands of ice of which northern voyagers tell, but softened ere it reached the land, by the thousand odors which floated from the shore.

But there was one eye to which the glad sunset brought no light, one lip to which the evening wind brought no freshness, though the heavy arm-chair had been drawn to the window, and the lattice flung back to its utmost extent. The lady Giulietta Aldobrandini was far beyond their gentle influences; yet a few more nights, and hers would be the deep, unbroken sleep of death. It was hard to die, with such ties as bound her to life. She gazed on the three lovely girls who watched her slightest look, and felt how bitter it was to know that in a few more days they would be motherless: she had supplied their father's loss, but who could supply hers? She had been commending them to the care of their uncle, the cardinal Aldobrandini, who had undertaken the charge of those who would so soon be orphans; but her heart yearned to say yet more, and she signed to them to leave the room. The cardinal watched with moistened eyes their graceful figures disappear, amid the shower of scented leaves which, as they passed, they shook from the flowering shrubs, and his lip quivered as he said, 'And how may I supply a mother's place to those most ill-fated children? Is there no hope, Giulietta?'—and even as he spoke, his own conviction answered, 'there is none.'

The countess replied not to his question, touching herself. She knew that it was asked in vain, and she had yet much to say. 'Two of them will cumber you but little; Constanza and Bianca are of calm and gentle natures; from infancy they have felt sorrow lightly, and their affection is half habit. I feel within my dying soul a steadfast conviction that life to them will be as an unbroken stream, whose tranquil course no fierce wind has ever

ruffled. But my name-child, my Giulietta, she whose eyes fill with tears, and whose cheek reddens at the slightest emotion, whose strong feelings and whose timid temper require at once so much caution and yet so much encouragement—for Giulietta's future fate I tremble. God forgive me if my youngest has been my dearest! but they have not known it—I knew it not myself till now.'

She sank back exhausted; and for a moment Aldobrandini was too much moved to reply. He was a man in whom all earthly affections were reputed to be dead. Cold and stern in manner, rigid in conduct, severe in judgment, he knew no interests but those of the church which he served. His talents were great and his influence in Genoa almost unbounded; and his bitterest foe—and the successful always have enemies—had no hold on a man who had no weaknesses. But where the desert seems most bare, be sure the sun has burned most fiercely; and the young and enthusiastic Giulio Aldobrandini had given little indication of the future cold and impassive prelate. He was the younger son, and the beautiful Giulietta was the betrothed of his brother. It was said that the bride looked somewhat pale; and it was deemed a harsh decree which had sent the younger Aldobrandini to a distant convent. Time passed as rapidly as time ever passes, be the change what it will upon its path; and when Aldobrandini returned to his native city he looked wan and worn, but it was with toil and vigil that had brought their own reward; for, in those days, ability and energy found a ready career to power and honor in the church. It may be believed that Aldobrandini would not have exchanged the waking certainties of his ambition for the realization of all his once romantic fantasies; but for a moment the flood of years rolled back, the woman he had once so loved was dying at his side, and feeling became but the more bitter from the consciousness of the vanity of indulgence.

'Giulietta,' at length he said, in a low and broken tone, 'years have passed since you and I spoke of the future as of a thing in which we took interest together. Then we spoke in vain; not so now; for, let the remembrance of our own youth be the pledge how precious another—your—Giulietta, shall be in my sight.'

The countess extended her emaciated hand towards him. Aldobrandini remembered it when its perfect beauty had been a model for the sculptor; he took it tendrily. Could it be the rigid and

ascetic priest whose tears fell heavily on the dying Giulietta's hand? The lady was the first to recover herself. 'Aldobrandini,' she whispered, 'I trust her happiness wholly to you.' The girls now re-appeared in the garden, the cardinal beckoned them in, and, with a few brief but kind words, took his departure for the city.

Deeper and darker fell the shades of melancholy over that sea-side villa. Day by day, those youthful sisters became more and more conscious of the approach of death. Their voices took a lower tone, their steps were more subdued, and their laughter, once so frequent, was unheard. At length the worn eyes of the countess closed for ever; but their latest look was on her children.

Drearly did the rest of the summer pass away; and when the leaves fell from the garden, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the desolate lattices, it was with a feeling of rejoicing that the two elder sisters heard that they were to leave the villa, and pass the next year in the convent of Santa Caterina, after which their home would be the palace of the cardinal. But Giulietta left her mother's late dwelling with reluctance; it seemed almost like another separation. She visited and re-visited every spot which she could remember the countess had once loved, and parted from it with many and bitter tears, as if it had been an animate object conscious of her regret.

A year in youth is like a month in Spring; it is wonderful what an alteration it makes; the germ expands into a leaf, and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change. On the cardinal's return from Rome, where he had made a long sojourn, he was surprised to perceive how the three Aldobrandini had sprung up into graceful womanhood. Constanza the eldest, was nineteen, and Giulietta seventeen; but the sisters had never been parted, and he resolved that they should together take up their residence in his palace.

It was early in a spring evening when the Aldobrandini arrived at their uncle's dwelling. It was an old and heavy-looking building. Constanza and Bianca, as the massy gate swung behind them, on their arrival in the dark, arched court, simply remarked that they were afraid it would be very dull; but Giulietta's imagination was powerfully impressed; a vague terror filled her mind, which the gloom of the huge and still chambers through which they were ushered did not tend to decrease. At length they paused in a large vaulted room, while the aged domestics went on to announce them to the cardinal. Giulietta glanced around; the purple hangings were nearly black with age; so was the furniture, while the narrow windows admitted shadows rather than light. Some portraits hung on the walls, all dignitaries of the church; but the color of their scarlet robes had faded with time, and each wan and harsh face seemed to turn frowning on the youthful strangers. A door opened, and they were ushered into the presence of their uncle.—He was standing by a table on which was a crucifix and an open breviary, while a volume of the life of St. Chrysostom lay open on the floor. A window of stained glass was half screened by a heavy curtain, and the dark panels of carved oak added to the gloom of the oratory. The sisters knelt before him, while gravely and calmly he pronounced over them a blessing. Constanza and Bianca received them gracefully and meekly, but Giulietta's heart was too full; she thought how different would have been the meeting had they been but kneeling before parents instead of the stern prelate. She bowed

her head upon the breviary, and her dark hair fell over her face, while she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Next to indulging in the outward expression of feeling himself, the cardinal held it wrong to encourage it in another. Gently, but coldly, he raised the weeping Giulietta; and, with kind but measured assurances of his regard and protection, he dismissed the sisters to their apartments.—Could Giulietta have known the many anxious thoughts that followed her, how little would she have doubted her uncle's affection.

The light of a few dim stars shed a variable gleam amid the thick boughs of a laurel grove, too faint to mark the objects distinctly, but enough to guide the steps of one who knew the place. Gradually two graceful forms became outlined on the dark air, the one a noble looking cavalier, the other Giulietta. Yet the brow of the cavalier was a gloomy one to turn on so fair a listener in so sweet a night; and his tone was even more sad than tender.

'I see no hope but in yourself. Do you think my father will give up his life's hatred to the name of Aldobrandini, because his son loves one of its daughters, and wears a sad brow for a forbidden bride? Or think you that yonder stern cardinal will give up the plans and power of many years, and yield to a haughty and hereditary foe, for the sake of tears even in thy eyes, Giulietta?'

'I know not what to hope,' replied the maiden, in a mournful but firm voice; 'but this I know—I will not fly in disobedience and in secrecy from a home which has been even as my own.'

'And what,' exclaimed the cavalier, 'can you find to love in your severe and repelling uncle?'

'Not severe, not repelling, to me. I once thought him so; but it was only to feel the more the kindness which changed his very nature towards us.'

At length Giulietta fled to be the bride of Lorenzo da Carrara. But she fled with a sad heart and tearful eyes; and when, after her marriage, every prayer for pardon was rejected by the cardinal, Giulietta wept as if such sorrow had not been foreseen. Her uncle felt her flight most bitterly.

Yet how tenderly was his kindness remembered, how bitterly was his indignation deplored by the youthful *countess da Carrara*—for such she now was—Lorenzo's father having died suddenly, soon after their union. The period of mourning was a relief; for bridal pomp and gaiety would have seemed too like a mockery, while thus unforgiven and unblessed by one who had been as a father in his care. At her earnest wish they fixed their first residence in the marine villa where her mother died.

They went to that fair villa by the sea; and pleasantly did many a morn pass in the large hall, on whose frescoed walls was painted the story of Enone, she whom the Trojan prince left, only to return and die at her feet. On the balustrade were placed sweet-scented shrubs, and marble vases filled with gathered flowers; and in the midst of a fountain, whose spars and coral seemed the spoil of some sea-nymph's grotto fell down in a sparkling shower, and echoed the music of Giulietta's lute. Pleasant, too, was it in an evening to walk the broad terrace which overlooked the ocean, and watch the silver moon-light reflected on the sea, till air and water were but as one bright element.

And soon had Carrara reason to rejoice that he had yielded to his wife's wish; for ere they had

been married three months the plague broke out in Genoa, with such virulence as if, indeed, a demon had been unchained upon earth. 'The spirit of your mother, my sweet wife, has been indeed our guardian angel,' said the count, as he watched a fresh sea breeze lift up the long dark curls, and call the crimson into Giulietta's cheek. Still, though safe themselves—for, though the distance from Genoa was but short, their secluded situation and the sea air precluded all fear of infection—still an atmosphere of terror and woe was around them, and their thoughts were carried out of their own sweet home by dim and half told tales of the dangers around them. And, among other things, Giulietta heard of her uncle's heroic conduct. Others fled from the devoted city, but he fled not; others shut themselves up in their lonely palaces—he went forth amid the dead and dying; his voice gave consolation to the sick man, and his prayer called on heaven for mercy to the departed soul. Giulietta heard, and in the silence of her chamber wept; and when her tears were done, knelt, and gave thanks to God for her uncle.

For the time hope arose within her, and she said to herself—'He who walks now even as an angel among his fellow men, cannot but forgive the errors and weakness of earth.' She went to meet her husband with a lightened heart; but as she met him on the terrace, she saw that his brow was clouded, and his first words told her that important business would oblige him to go for a week to an ancient castle on the verge of the estate, as his neighbors were disposed to question his boundary rights. It was but a day's journey, through a healthy district; and yet how sorrowful was the parting!

She was walking languidly on the terrace early the following morning, when a hum of voices caught her ear; one name riveted her attention; a horrible conviction rushed upon her mind. She called a page, who at first equivocated; but the truth was at last owned. The cardinal was stricken with the plague. She signed for the page to leave her, and sank for a moment against one of the columns. It was but for a moment. She withdrew her hands from her face: it was pale, but tearless; and she left the terrace for her chamber, with a slow but firm step. Two hours afterwards, the countess was sought by her attendants, but in vain; a letter was found addressed to their master, and fastened by one long, shining curl of raven darkness, which all knew to be hers.

Leaving the household to the dismay and confusion which such a departure occasioned, we will follow the steps of the countess, who was now on the road to Genoa. She had waited but to resume the black serge dress, which, as a novice of St. Caterina's, she had worn, and in which she knew she might pass for one of the sisters who had vowed their attendance on the sick; and during the hours of the *siesta*, made her escape unobserved. Giulietta had been from infancy accustomed to long rambles by the sea shore, or through the deep pine forests; but now, though her purpose gave her strength, she felt sadly weary; when, on the almost deserted road, she overtook a man who was driving a small cart laden with fruit and vegetables. She accosted him; and the offer of a few piastres at once procured a conveyance to Genoa, for thither was her companion bound.

'The plague,' said he, 'makes every thing so scarce that my garden has brought me a little fortune; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.'

'Are you not afraid of infection?' asked the seeming Sister of Charity.

'Nothing hazard nothing win. A good lining of ducats is the best remedy for the plague,' returned the gardener.

'Holy Madonna,' thought Giulietta, 'shall I not encounter for gratitude and dear love the perils which this man risks for a few ducats?'

The quarter where stood her uncle's palace was at the entrance of the city, and to reach it they had to traverse the principal street. How changed since last the countess passed that way! Then it was crowded with gay equipages and gayer company. She remembered the six white mules with their golden trappings, which drew the emblazoned coach of her uncle along; and how she leant back upon its purple velvet cushions, scarcely daring to glance amid the crowd of white plumed cavaliers who reined in the curvetings of their brave steeds, lest she should meet Lorenzo da Carrara's eye, and betray their whole secret in a blush. Now not one living creature walked the street, and the sound of their light cart was like thunder. She was roused from her reverie by observing that her companion was taking an opposite direction to that of the palace; and requested to alight, mentioning her destination.

'To the archbishop's! Why, you will not find one living creature there. The good cardinal would have all the sick he could find brought to the palace, but they fell off like dried leaves, and when he was struck with the plague himself none ventured to approach him; for we all agree that the air there must be more deadly than elsewhere, since it has not even spared his eminence. So, if it is there you are bound, Madonna, we will part company; but it is just tempting Providence.'

Giulietta's only answer was to offer the gardener a small sum for her conveyance; but to her surprise, he refused it.

'No, no, you are going on a holier errand than I; keep your money; you will want it all if you stay in this city, every thing is so dear.'

A sudden thought struck Giulietta. 'I do not ask you,' said she, 'to venture to a spot which seems marked for destruction; but if I meet you here to-morrow will you bring with you a small supply of provisions and fruit? I can afford to pay for them.'

'I will come, be sure,' replied the man; 'and the saints keep you, maiden, for your errand is a perilous one.' He watched her progress till she disappeared round a corner in the street. 'I wish,' muttered he, 'I had gone with her to the palace; at all events, I will be here to-morrow; she is, for all her black veil and pale face, so like my little Minetta. Ay, ay, if this plague lasts, I shall be able to tell down her dowery in gold;' and the gardener pursued his way.

When Giulietta arrived at her uncle's palace, she paused for a moment, not in fear but in awe, the stillness was so profound; not one familiar sound broke upon her ear. The doors were all open, and she entered the hall; pallets were ranged on each side, and on one or two of the small tables stood cups and phials; but not a trace appeared of an inhabitant. On she passed through the gloomy rooms; every thing was in disorder and out of its place: it was indeed as if a multitude had there suddenly taken up their abode and as suddenly departed. But Giulietta hurried on to her uncle's sleeping apartment; it was vacant. Her heart for the first time sunk within her, and she leant against the wainscot, sick and faint. 'I have yet a hope,' exclaimed she, and even as she spoke she turned to seek the oratory. She was right. The crucifix

stood, and the breviary was open on a small table, even as they were the first time she entered that room; and on a rude mattress beside it lay her uncle. She sank on her knees, for he lay motionless; but, thanks to the holy virgin, not breathless; no, as she bent over him, and her lips touched his, she could perceive the breath, the precious breath of life: his hand, too! it burnt in hers, but she could feel the pulse distinctly.

Giulietta rose, and threw herself before the crucifix. A violent burst of tears, the first she had shed, relieved her; and then calmly she prayed aloud for strength to go through the task which she had undertaken. The room was hot and oppressive; but she opened the window, and the sweet air came in, fresh and reviving, from the garden below. She bathed her uncle's temples with aromatic waters, and poured into his mouth a few drops of medicine. He opened his eyes, and turned faintly on his pallet, but sank back, as though exhausted. Again he stretched out his hand, as if in search for something, which failing to find he moaned heavily. Giulietta perceived at once that parching thirst was consuming him. From the balcony a flight of steps led to the garden; she flew down them to the fountain, whose pure, cold water made the shadow of the surrounding acacias as musical as ever. She returned with a full pitcher; and the eagerness with which the patient drank told how much that draught had been desired. The cardinal raised his hand, but was quite unconscious; and all that long and fearful night had Giulietta to listen to the melancholy complainings of delirium.

The next day she went to meet the gardener, who waited, though, as he owned, in hopelessness of her coming. How forcibly the sense of the city's desolation rose before Giulietta, when she remembered that her ignorance of the hour proceeded from their being no one now to wind up the clocks!—Again she returned to the unconscious sufferer; but little needs it to dwell upon the anxiety or the exertion in which the next three days were passed. On the morning of the last, she perceived that there was a slight moisture on his skin, and that his sleep was sound and untroubled. His slumbers were long and refreshing: and when he awoke it was with perfect consciousness. Dreading the effect of agitation, Giulietta drew her veil over her face, and to his inquiry 'was any one there?' she answered in a low and feigned voice.

'I am faint and want food; but who, daughter, are you, who thus venture into the chamber of sickness and death?'

'A stranger! but on whose vow is atonement.'

'Giulietta!' exclaimed the cardinal, and the next moment she was at his side; and both wept the sweetest tears ever shed by affection and forgiveness. Eagerly she prepared for him a small portion of food, and then, exerting the authority of a nurse, forbade all further discourse, and soon exhausted, he slept again.

The cool shadows of the coming evening, fell on the casement, when Giulietta first ventured to propose that she should send a letter by the gardener to Lorenzo, and desire that a litter might be sent to convey her uncle to their villa.

'My sweet child, do with me as you will,' said the cardinal; take me even to the house of a Carrara.'

'And no where could you be so welcome,' said a stranger entering, and Giulietta springing from her knees, found herself in the arms of her husband. 'I knew, Giulietta, I should find you here,

though your letter told me but of prayer and pilgrimage.'

And what now remains to be told? The cardinal accompanied them to the villa, where, his recovery was rapid and complete and the deep love which he witnessed in that youthful pair made him truly feel how great had been Giulietta's devotion to himself. The plague had done its worst in Genoa: the men were enabled to return to their habits, their occupations, and their duties. The cardinal from that hour treated Lorenzo da Carrara as a son; and their family union was as happy as self sacrifice and enduring affection could make it. In the picture gallery, there is still preserved a portrait of the countess in her novice's garb; her cheek pale, her graceful form hidden by the black serge robe, and her beautiful hair put out of sight; and the count, her husband, used to say that 'she never looked more lovely.'

THE FORGER.

(Concluded.)

'The game is up,' said the hero of the municipal law—the representative of the body politic. 'If Desfield is within, he'll have time to destroy all his notes, plates, and presses before we can get at him—but, pshaw! whether he is in the house or not, what does it signify? You might as well think to get into parliament without money, or out of chancery with it. We may as well be off.'

'Humph!' said the musing serjeant: 'have you a half crown about you? for that will get us in fast enough.'

'Twenty half crowns, and twenty to them, are at your command; but who is there here that we can bribe?'

'Give me the half crown. Don't you know that campaigns and battles are won by gold dust? Gold is gunpowder—gold is bayonet, sabre, musket, cannon, charge and assault in war—gold rules the camp, the court, the grove, and silver in this case, will do as well; so, Master Bailiff, or what do you call yourself, your half-crown.—Corporal, ride quick across the heath to the farm at the break of the moor. Take two men with you; seize the tallest ladder those fellows are working with. Chuck them the half-crown for their civility in lending it, and trot with it here on hard service.'

'Now friend civilian, I'll be in my saddle, and you may lay on the grass, keeping watch with me till my men return with the scaling ladder, which will reach the windows in the roof. If old Beelzebub himself is in the house we can't get him out till the ladder comes; and if old Beelzebub were defended by the pope and the great Turk, see if he escapes Serjeant——, of the —— Heavy Dragoons, when the men bring the ladder.'

Presently the troopers were seen upon a hard trot, returning across the moor. The serjeant leaped from his horse, and placing the ladder against a small window in the roof, he thrust aside the police officer and gaily ascended.

'You are my prisoner.'

'With all my heart; but at my personal pleasure and convenience,' replied a manly voice in a slow, firm, and composed tone.

'Surrender in the name of the king, or I'll fire,' said the serjeant, seizing his pistol, and thrusting his arm through the glass, and tearing away the frame work.

'Fire,' replied Desfield in the same resolute, confident tone; 'fire and miss me, and throw away powder; hit me, and you'll be hanged.'

The serjeant instantly fired : his pistol burst, and shattered his hand, and part of his arm to pieces,

'Ha! ha! ha! well, an old campaigner, and not take better care of his fire arms—ha! ha! ha!

'Burn another paper, and you are a dead man,' said the serjeant, with undaunted resolution, as he withdrew his mutilated arm, and thrust in his left hand with the remaining pistol.

'I'm a dead man, perhaps, if I don't burn them,' replied Desfield, with the same tone of composure.

The serjeant again fired.

'Ha! ha! ha!—what, an old peninsular—a Waterloo man—and no better shot : come, trooper, try it once more, if you don't hit you shall quit the—Dragoons ; you're a disgrace to the service.'

Said the serjeant, morosely, as he descended the ladder, 'Corporal, just take out your knife, and cut off these two fingers, that are dangling to the skin ; like ragged colours—there—that's a good fellow ; now take your teeth and pull out that large bit of bone that sticks out of the arm, and then just strap me up below the elbow, to prevent a fellow's bleeding to death ; and I shall be all comfortable till I get to the barracks.'

Whilst this rude surgery was going on, the policeman ascended the ladder.

'Come, come, now, Mr. Desfield, what's the use now of resistance ? you know I've got eight dragoons below.'

'Seven and a fraction, for you can't call the serjeant a whole man.'

'Now, Mr. Desfield, what's the use of chaffing ? Give over burning them papers ; you know I have always been merciful in the execution of my duty—and to you—'

'Merciful to me ! and what have you been to those who could not pay you for your mercy ?' cried Desfield in a tone of bitter irony.

'Where is your blood-money for poor innocent Winston ? and where are his wife and children ? O yes ! you are merciful. Merciful as the gambler to the confiding stripling—merciful as the lecher to the orphan ; aye, as the beadle to the pauper ; aye, aye, you are merciful—your tribe is merciful—as the law is merciful to the lawyer.'

'Then, I suppose, there is no longer any honor or understanding between us. Will you surrender ?'

'When it suits my purpose—wait !'

The officer rested on the ladder for ten minutes, until Desfield had destroyed his papers.—'And now,' said Desfield, rising from the forge, 'I am at your service—I will go quietly to the magistrate. I surrender, on condition that you offer me no violence ; that you do not take me ignominiously through the crowd.'

'I promise on my honor.'

'Then I will let you enter the house ; ten times your strength could not have forced an entrance.'

'I will take you quietly, and without any disrespect.'

Desfield left the garret, and descended to open the front door.

When serjeant — had mounted the ladder, which was too short to admit of his reaching the window, further than his chest, he beheld Desfield, in the low, deep, and dark garret, seated before a strong blast forge, with an expression which seemed to be between composure and fortitude. He was surrounded by shallow tin trays, divided into compartments of about the size of a bank note. From each of these compartments he was taking small parcels of forged notes, between a pair of tongs,

with which he held them on the fire until the strong draft consumed them, and they were then replaced by others. The object of the serjeant in firing, was not to hit Desfield, but to intimidate him, and knock the funnel or iron chimney pipe of the forge to pieces, and thus prevent his further destruction of the paper.

As soon as Desfield opened the door the police officer sprung upon him. Desfield indignantly struck his arm from his neck and grappled him by the throat. The passage was dark ; a fierce but short struggle ensued, and both were heard to fall through a trap into some cellar. A trooper flashed his pistol across the opening, and by the light was seen the officer on his back, with Desfield keeping one knee in the pit of his stomach, and his thumbs pressed in front of his throat. Four of the soldiers fearlessly dropped into this cellar, and after a short struggle, numbers prevailed, and the criminal was secured. A light was brought, and the swollen protruding tongue, the purple face, and eyes bursting from their sockets, presented a shocking spectacle, and told too plainly, that the delay in the rescue even of a few seconds, would have been fatal to the policeman. He was restored with difficulty.

Handcuffs were placed on the criminal, and a strict search of the premises took place. Even the funnel of the stove was taken down, on the idea that some of the notes, imperfectly consumed, might have lodged in the soot. Desfield laughed sardonically, and taunted his persecutors, as each effort proved abortive.

The search was over—it had been totally fruitless ; but whilst they were lashing the arms of Desfield, to convey him on horseback to the county jail, the serjeant stood grinding his teeth with rage, at the manner in which he had been mutilated, foiled, and laughed to scorn by his prisoner.

'For a fellow to go through all the Spanish campaigns, and wear the Waterloo medal, and at last to lose his arm and be laid up a pensioner for life, from such a thief-taking skirmish as this ! Let's be off with the prisoner.' As the serjeant fiercely spoke the overflowings of his rage, he gave a furious kick to a bit of the iron funnel that lay in the doorway. It fell to pieces by the blow, and from a joint or elbow, tumbled out several bits of paper, partially burnt, or only singed.

The triumphant and flushed countenance of Desfield turned ghastly. He burst from his keepers, to seize the fragments. He evinced his ferocious nature, and fought desperately for that on which his life depended ; but he was handcuffed, and his efforts were therefore in vain.

As they were taking him to the jail of —, they met the wife and daughter returning home. This affectionate and unhappy girl evinced the deepest affection, and implored that she might be allowed to follow her beloved father. 'Child' said the stern Desfield, 'my fate is fixed ; I have but one unhappy feeling—it is for you. You alone can make the short time I have to live, either happy, or extremely wretched. Bear your own lot with your father's fortitude ; think not of me—be happy and I am happy. The blood about me is that of my captors. Wife, bring me clean linen to-night. I must see you at the jail. Sweet child, remember the education I have given you ; be happy till we meet.'

Desfield spoke with a commanding firmness in order to produce the effect he wished. But when they had made him proceed, the father filled his heart—the struggle was in vain ; and the long gathering drop rolled down his cheek, and was followed

by a gush of tears. The troopers jeered him for crying like a woman. It was the only point in which he was more manly and better than themselves.

Except on this one point, the most stoic mastery of the mind over the feelings never forsook him. He was convicted principally, upon the evidence of the notes rescued from the furnace.

The last interview with his family was extraordinary. The wife reproached him for bringing her to poverty. 'I always told you what would come of it,' said the selfish woman; 'and you have got what you deserve.' It was not thus with the young and beautiful Emily. She called upon 'her own kind father—her fond and good father.' She hung upon his neck, fell on her knees, and clasping his legs bathed them with her tears, poured forth in the agony of her broken heart. The piteous wailings of her young affections were succeeded by the sobs and gaspings of her exhausted senses; and when she found they had removed him in her state of insensibility, she went off in the frenzy of maniac grief.

Desfield had pressed her to his heart with a fondness and despair truly agonizing. With his stoic heroism, he urged all that could be urged to mitigate her sufferings and he conjured her to find consolation in the precepts he had taught her from her cradle. His countenance was calm and almost cheerful, until her fit of insensibility. As he pressed her to his heart, his face was strongly agitated; but when they unclasped his arms, and took her from him, his features were convulsed—he looked after her with a wild stare, and falling on the side of his iron bedstead, he wept long and piteously, with his face hid in his hands, and supported between his knees. The bold, bad man—the iron hearted criminal, was, with his child, as fond and as weak as childhood. The scene was too painful to be witnessed by any possessed of feeling; and recalled to memory even now, it harrows every sense and cannot be endured.

But for the crime for which he suffered, Desfield's conduct throughout the last scene of his existence, would have afforded a deep impression of philosophic grandeur.

The concourse of people to witness his execution was immense; and the Press Room, as it is called, was full of the gentry of the neighbouring counties, with several public characters, attracted from London by the extraordinary circumstances of the case.

The solemn dignified composure and strong reasoning powers of the culprit, left him as the jailor advanced to secure his wrist. Clasping his hands together, he exclaimed, with a voice and manner which struck every person with terror.—'In the name of God, I implore you not to let my crimes or fate produce unkindness or neglect towards my poor child: she was ignorant of my course of life, and my guilt made me more careful of her spotless purity of mind. I see around me the richest gentlemen of the county—have mercy—be charitable! Oh! there are fathers among you, and will none soothe a father's last agony, which implores protection to the orphan—the helpless, innocent victim of his errors?'

'You have confessed nothing—you have repelled our faith, and refused all the rights of our holy religion, and the Lord visits the sins of the fathers upon the children, to the third and fourth generation.'

A thrill of horror, and involuntary shuddering was felt by every person, as a clerical magistrate thus insulted and tortured the dying man. Poor

Desfield trembled, and cast his eyes to heaven in beseeching misery, and his head at length sunk on his breast.

'Hard-hearted, bad man!' said a tall, grey-headed old gentleman, pushing aside the apoplectic, plethoric magistrate, and advancing to the culprit.

'Mr. Desfield, I am old and childless—fortune has just deprived me of the fondling of my old age—the comfort of my grey hairs. I will be to your orphan as a father, and my wife shall take her to her bosom. O no! God cannot persecute the innocent, the young and friendless.'

'And God will be your judge, and reward you,' earnestly replied the criminal, falling on his knees, and weeping over the old man's hand, which he pressed to his lips. One sigh seemed to tear his bosom as he rose from the ground. He turned to the executioner with perfect composure, was secured, and led to the scaffold.

'I thank the God of mercies for my child's safety,' said the culprit as the drop fell. The rope stranded with his weight, and was broke by his struggle. He was placed apparently dead in a chair, but as he gradually revived, he stared around with wildness, as yet unconscious whether he had not awoke in the other life.

'Why put me to unnecessary pain,' he at last faintly said to the sheriff. The cause was explained, and the miserable man was supported in the chair, whilst they sent into the town for another cord.

As they placed this more fatal instrument on his neck, he again spoke feebly to the sheriff. 'I entreat you, sir, to conceal this accident, if possible, from my Emily: do not afflict the poor child with a knowledge that her father suffered such an unusual infliction.'

The last office of the law was again inflicted—and the father's sorrows for his daughter ceased.

D. E. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WOMEN.

A crabbed acquaintance of ours has just repeated to us 'frailty, thy name is woman.' We were trying to get him to call with us on a very beautiful lady of our acquaintance. He is a scholar, a wit, and a gentleman, and yet dares to repeat that villainous line in our hearing. Alas for him?—we fear he is past redemption. We cannot conceive why the fair sex have been so often vilified. We declare it unjust, and we enlist ourselves in their defence: notwithstanding that Virgil hath said 'woman, always variable and changeable'—and Shakespeare, 'frailty, thy name is woman.'

Woman is not more variable than man.—Her constancy has stood the test of fire and blood, and torment in thousands of instances, and shall she be called fickle? We verily believe that woman's friendship is infinitely more pure than man's. She will follow her lover through weal and woe—through evil report and good report—through poverty, through sorrow and misery, and death. She will love him in his sin, and in his glory, and in his shame, and his degradation; and she will bind him the closer to her heart, as he falls the lower. Will man do so? No—let but the breath of evil report dim the brightness of the pure name of that being whom he loves, let her sin but once and he will forsake her forever. Will he love her in abuse and ill treatment? But suppose she coquet, and trifle with the affections of the worthy? has she not been

taught by example? How many hearts have broken and bled to death, when forsaken by man?—How many women have given their whole affections away, and poured out their whole hearts upon a lover, then been forsaken? How often have attentions been offered to gratify vanity and to please pride. How often! alas! who shall answer the question?—

Indian Anecdote.—Joseph Brandt, the celebrated Mohawk warrior, was an *élève* of Sir William Johnson. He was so named from a Dutch foster-father, who took care of the little savage while a child. When grown up he became the head of a band of intrepid Mohawks, and the terror of the long knives—so they called the Americans; and when at length he was disarmed by the peace, he again took the hatchet against the Indians who had joined the hostile side.—The late Marquis of Hastings, Earl Moira, admired the address and courage of Brandt and became his patron. His Lordship more than once brought him over to England, and introduced him to the BEAU MONDE. On one occasion he took our Indian to a grand mask ball, painted, plumed, armed, and dressed out in all points in the real costume of an Indian warrior. He far eclipsed the motley groups and became the lion of the rooms. We are told that a stately Turk, accompanied by two houries, wished to ascertain if the sashem really wore a mask, one half of the face being painted black, and the other red. He therefore cautiously touched the top of the nose, with the intent of just raising the mask. Of all people, an American Indian cannot tolerate any personal freedom.—Brandt took fire at once, and in good earnest; he supposed they wanted to make a butt of him for their buffooneries. He assumed a most frightful aspect, flourished his tomahawk and gave the war-whoop with such a terrific yell, that the entire assembly were seized with a panic, and thrown into great confusion. Turks, Jews, and Gypsies; bear-leaders, and their bears, Falstaffs, friars and fortune-tellers; sultans, nuns and columbines, scudded away, huddling and tumbling over each other, to leave a clear stage for the Mohawk.

Original Anecdote.—One of our neighbors, espying a number of mischievous little rogues in the act of carrying off a quantity of fruit from his orchard, without 'leave or licence,' bawled out very lustily, 'what are you about here, you rascals?' 'About going,' said one, as he seized his hat, and scampered off at double quick time.—*Record of Genius.*

The wife of Dryden, one morning, having come into his study at an unseasonable time, when he was intently employed in some composition, and finding her husband did not attend to her, exclaimed, 'Mr. Dryden you are always poring upon these musty books; I wish I was a book, and then I should have more of your company.' 'Well my dear,' replied the poet, 'when you do become a book, pray let it be an almanack; for then at the end of the year I shall lay you quietly on the shelf, and shall be able to pursue my studies without interruption.'

New mode of preserving property.—A man was charged at Bow street last week, with breaking his household furniture to shivers, to save it from being taken on execution. When told to *keep the peace*, he said he meant to *keep all the pieces*, which the complainant who was a *piece broker* wanted to retain.

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1833.

Literary Poaching.—It has always been matter of astonishment with us, why people should wish to avail themselves, of the fruits of the talent and industry of others and palm them off upon editors as their own; and also why editors should be so uncourteous as to transfer articles written for other papers to their own columns without the usual acknowledgement. The editor of the 'New-York Mirror,' by procuring a copy right for a late number of his valuable periodical entirely filled with original matter and accompanied by an elegant engraving of the School House, at Tappan, has, as he ought, set his face against this last practice.

Casting our eyes over our exchange papers, a few days since, we chanced to meet in one of them with a couple of stanzas from our favorite poet Cowper, inserted as original, and addressed to 'Ethiel' by one of the editor's fair correspondents, who signs herself 'Ida'. They are part of an 'Invocation to Peace,' written by that distinguished and most amiable of poets, probably in one of those seasons of depression to which he was ever subject; his over sensitive mind but too frequently banishing the celestial visitant from his bosom; though none could more truly exclaim, in his own pathetic words—

'Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view;
We therefore need not part!'

In another, appeared, without the slightest intimation being given of its origin, 'Isabella and the Moor,' a tale written by William Piatt, which made its debut some years since in our humble journal. For the little depredations of one editor upon another we care not; but let not the giddy trifle pluck, with unhallowed touch, a single leaf from the laurel that encircles the brow of the venerated dead.

HUDSON FORUM.

The next meeting of the Hudson Forum will be held on Wednesday Evening the 16th inst. Question for discussion, 'Is it probable that the same causes that produced the downfall of other republics, will overthrow ours?'

LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office from Agents and others, ending Jan. 9th.—S. Hallock, New-York, \$1; J. C. Hooker, Freedom, N. Y. \$1; H. G. Whipple, Pittsford, N. Y. \$1; J. Sackett, P. M. Williamsburgh, O. \$2; A. D. Deyau, New Brunswick, N. J. \$1.

SUMMARY.

The Kembles started on Monday morning for Baltimore. Their receipts in this country, thus far, cannot be less than \$20,000.

The Cincinnati Advertiser of the 24th ult. says.—'The Superior, a new boat, on her passage up from New Orleans, about 46 miles below the falls, collapsed a flue, by which circumstance sixteen persons were scalded, three of whom died, among them Mr. Moore, the second engineer. The sufferers were all of the crew or deck passengers.'

There is a man living in Wilkes county, N. C. 103 years of age, by the name of Daniel Rash, who has been supplied by nature, within 3 years, with 5 new front teeth.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 20th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. William H. Mellen, to Miss Catharine Ostrander, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. in Christ Church, by the Rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Joseph M. Browning, of Coxsackie, to Mary M. daughter of Silas Stone, of this city.

On the 25th by the same, Mr. John Mathers, to Miss Elizabeth Duckworth.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. Edwin Brown to Miss Catherine, daughter of Henry P. Skinner, all of this city.

On Saturday the 5th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stillman, Mr. Augustus P. Bullock, to Miss Elizabeth Coventry of this city.

At Sayvessant Landing, on the 2d inst. Chester Birge, Esq. merchant, to Miss Sophia, daughter of Isaac Hoose, late of Albany.

DIED.

In this city, on the 4th inst. Mr. Folger Hulsey, aged 50 years.

On the 7th ult. James, son of John and Lydia Forshow, aged 3 years.

On the 24th ult. at the residence of her father, Henry Platt, Esq. in Stephentown, Rensselaer Co. Louisa, wife of Wm. H. Tobey, Esq. of New Lebanon.

At New-Lebanon, on the 20th ult. Mr. Benajah West, in the 81st year of his age.

At Athens, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Jane Haight, widow of the late Gen. Samuel Haight, aged 95.

POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

SUGGESTED BY THE SUDDEN DEATH
OF MRS. P. M. BACON.

What is life? 'Tis a delicate shell,
Thrown up by eternity's flow,
On time's bank of quicksand to dwell,
And a moment its loveliness show.
Gone back to its element grand
In the billow that brought it ashore;
See! another is washing the strand,
And the beautiful shell is no more.—*Montgomery.*

The light of smiles sat on her brow—
The tide of life was flowing strong,
And on her cheek the roseate hue
The glow of health around her flung.
And joyous beamed her full blue eye,
As from her lips kind accents fell—
Ah! deemed I then, death's javelin nigh,
To pierce the heart I loved so well?—
A cypress wreath my heart now weaves,
In solemn shade my mind is dressed,
And oft retired, in sadness grieves
At midnight hour, when light hearts rest.
My harp is tuned to notes of sorrow—
It breathes nor love, nor life, nor glee,
But from the shrouded tomb it borrows,
The shade my friend, that circles thee.
Sudden it came—the spell was broke—
The shaft of Death ne'er missed its aim;
Like avalanche, a mighty shock,
To husband, children, all, it came!
But now, O Death! thy work is done—
Thy sceptre's broke at Jesus' feet;
The victory's o'er—the battle's won,
In fond embrace each friend will meet.
Dread Tyrant! boast no more thy fame—
Thy fading trophies ne'er display;
Thy terror's now an empty name,
Like Pharaoh's host, it's passed away.
Then cherubs, chant the glorious theme—
The rainbow's wing o'ershadows all,
And from this world, a baseless dream,
We'll haste to hear a Saviour's call.
And mourn not, tho' the breast be cold,
And worms the mould'ring frame consume,
The soul shall burst its prison-hold,
And rise Immortal from the tomb.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE REV. H. STEBBING.

The Future!—who can tell of thee?
Whose womb is like the deep,
Where gems and weeds lie mixedly,
And fitful breezes sweep,—
Casting to those who watch the tide
Sometimes a thing of worth,
But leaving naught for all beside
But refuse of the earth.
Who can depict thy shadowy form
For fame or household hearth—
Tell of the sunshine or the storm
That waits upon thy path?
Who knows thee, fearful stranger?—who
Dares all unveil thy face—
Or track thee, were that power his due,
To thy far dwelling-place?
And yet, who would haste thee on,
Whate'er thy form may be?
The very herds-boy stops his song,
To hear men talk of thee.
The reveler hails thee at his board,
The maiden in her bower,
The miser as he counts his hoard,
The bard in his lone hour.

And thou wilt come—and some shall know
Early thy fearful part,
By the gray hair upon their brow,
Or the chill at their heart;
And some thy hand shall gently lead
Along a flowery way,
Making a quick and silent speed
To the last hour of day.
And others as they pass shall deem
Thy whispers strange and new,
Thinking what was before a dream,
Substantial then and true;—
And they shall count thy steps and feel
Borne on by thy strong power,
As if they saw a burning seal
Set on one fated hour.
Spirit unknown! but doomed to be
Mother of all we fear,
Distant as stars we cannot see,
And yet forever near!
I fain would look thee in the face,
Thy solemn records read,
The sinews of my heart to brace
Ere fall the ills decreed.
Yet never canst thou seem to me
So fearful as to some;—
Leave but my spirit sound and free,
No stranger wilt thou come;
For many a silent hour of thought,
And many a conquered care,
Hath oft and well my bosom taught,
Whate'er thou bring'st to bear!

From the New-York Mirror.

VANITY OF LIFE.

Why, thoughtless man! why yield to pride,
And toil for trifles soon to fade?
The grave e'er while thyself shall hide,
And all thy projects end in shade.
To future times extend thine eye,
In fancy's mirror read thy doom;
Cold and insensate shalt thou lie,
Forgotten in the silent tomb.
The wind that rustles o'er thy grave,
Unheard by thee shall drive along
Unheard, the winter's storm shall rave,
And roar the cypress shades among.

ENIGMAS.

Answers to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he pronounces a sentence.

PUZZLE II.—Because the scales are turned.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Though dumb I am, I oft impart,
The tender feelings of the heart;
I oft deceive, oft make amends,
Foes I create, and yet make friends;
I'm often stolen, yet never stray,
Am in a frolic blown away;
For me the lawyer quits his fee,
For me you all have made a rout,
Me they may have, who finds me out.

II.

Why is a good cook like a lady of fashion?

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